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)e Want the Best!

Sound Money and Protection!

UP TO DATE

Republican Campaign Songster

COMPILED AND COPYRIGHTED BY W. H. HIGGINS, KOKOMO, IND.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

We Want the Best!
Sound Money and Protection!

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McKINLEY, 'TIS OF THEE.

TUNE:—"America."

McKinley, 'tis of thee,
Great friend of liberty,
Of thee we sing!
"Free trade" we've had enough,
Sound money is the stuff,
Ben Tillman he's too rough
Let Freedom ring!

McKinley, 'tis of thee,
Proclaim from sea to sea
Of thee we sing!
We want prosperity,
We want no anarchy,
We want sweet liberty,
Let Freedom ring!

McKinley, 'tis of thee,
We want no coinage free,
We want the best.
We want protection, Bill;
Free trade we've had our fill
You touch the button, Bill,
We'll do the rest.

THEY HAD NO USE FOR NEW YORK.

AIR:—"Two Little Girls in Blue."

"Billy, the Kid," made a wonderful speech
At Chicago the other day;
Some o' them yelled and some o' them didn't,
And some o' them went away.
Hill tried to ring in poor Grover, you know,
Ben Tillman he flourished "his fork;"
Altgeld said no, I'm manager here,
I have no use for New York.

CHORUS:

We have no use for New York, boys.
We have no use for thee;
We were brothers, now we want others,
We're down on Grover C.
One little boy from th' west, boys,
Captured yom brother's heart;
Once was your brothers, we're now wed to others,
Now we have drifted apart.

"Billy, the Kid," made a wonderful speech,
He felt for the silvery West;
The wealth of the Kings he'd like to enhance;
Didn't care a dash for the rest.
Our courts he denounced in terms quite severe,
Likewise did Ben with "his fork;"
He eloquently talked of roses and birds,
But he had no use for New York.

CHORUS:

Mister George Vest made a radical speech
He seemed to be loaded with sand:
Wanted to scorch ev'ryone in his reach,
As he mentioned the name of Dick Bland.
He wanted his Dick and silver right quick,
He must have borrowed "Ben's fork;"
For he got on his ear and acted real queer,
He, too, had no use for New York.

CHORUS:

Benny Tillman made a terrible speech,
And he ripped and tore like a bull;
Some o' them hissed and some o' them didn't,
Some o' them thought he was full.
He hopped on Grover like a demon enraged,
Then he jabbed and jobbed with "his fork,"
Then emphatically stated to the uneasy crowd,
He, too, had no use for New York.

CHORUS:

Sewall from Maine didn't make any speech,
But they said that Sewall was there,
He was afraid to meet Perry, the man without sox
And Peffer the man of hair.
Sewall they say never worked on a farm
And never had use for a fork;
So he had to stand in with the rest of the Pops,
He, too, had no use for New York.

CHORUS:

SIXTEEN TO ONE.

TUNE: "Wait For the Wagon."

The Democratic party it got us in a trap,
And tried to make us believe that we would have a snap,
If we'd only vote for Grover and repeal the famous bill
That kept the wheels a turning and us busy at the mill.
Now they've set another trap, that they'd like to catch us in,
By covering up real issues, now isn't it a sin?
They say our money system is no good 'neath the sun,
But the shysters cannot fool us with their 16 to 1.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for McKinley! Hurrah for McKinley!
Hurrah for McKinley and Protection for us all.

The Democratic party it fooled us very bad.
When they take to the woods, it will make us awful glad.
Not very long ago said sound money was the stuff,
And they said, "Gold and silver was plenty good enough."
Now they'll try to drive good money clear out of sight,
But we lovers of sound money don't think it would be right:
No donbt they'd be satisfied if such a thing were done,
But don't believe they'll fool us with their 16 to 1.

CHORUS:

The Democratic party is always on the wing,
And to get into power they will grab at anything.
Only a short time ago they said Grover was a saint,
Now they've all changed their mind and they sayGrover ain't
Grover filled the pockets of the famous Morgan crowd,
Now his party is talking "free silver" very loud;
They said that Grover was as honest as the sun,
Then the shysters try to fool us with their 16 to 1.
CHORUS:

The democratic party has raised perfect hell,
And Grover and his cohorts, they did it very well,
They took away the pensions and glory in the act,
They are not friends of the soldier it seems to be a fact
Now it don't seem to satisfy to smash up all the banks,
But would like to spoil our currency, like a lot of cranks.
No doubt they'll be satisfied when such a thing is done,
But don't believe they'll fool us with their 16 to 1.
CHORUS:

The Democratic party will soon have its day,
The wonder of the times will be sure to pass away,
Then "fifty cent" Democrats will be very hard to find,
And Grover 'll have no show catching suckers do you mind.
Then our friend and protector will be paying off the debts,
Good wages we will be getting and there'll be no regrets.
The best money system we'll have 'neath the sun,
I don't believe they'll fool us with their 16 to 1.
CHORUS:

BIG BOLT.

TUNE—:Ben Bolt. Trilby Edition.

O don't you remember they had a "big bolt"
At Chicago the other day?
How they bro't out a kid and he gave them a speech
That captured the Pops right away?
'Twas up to Chicago where they made the "big bolt"
In a great big building up in town,
Where Johnny "took the cake" and run the whole thing,
And Tillman performed like a clown.
Repeat two last lines.

Oh! don't you remember they made a "big bolt,"
Went home 'fore meetin' was out?
How poor Grover was over at Buzzards Bay,
Had an awful time with the gout?
In the Windy City where they made the "big bolt,"
Where they swallowed each other they say,
Where the great New Yorker tore the platform up,
Then Willie and he skipped away.
Repeat last two lines.

Oh! don't you remember after the "big bolt,"
The Pops had a meetin' you know?
They put on a tail where there was no head,
No place where the hair ought to grow.
Little Bill had to swallow the whole thing or bolt,
Then of course Billy wouldn't do that;
Then when Little Willie said he wouldn't accept,
Of course he was talking through his hat.
Repeat two last lines.

STANDING ON THE CORNER.

AIR:—Sidewalks of New York.

Standing on the corners
All the live long day,
Talking of nothing but silver,
They all have much to say.
Dems and Pops together,
Agree just like a charm,
The agitation will never
Lift the mortgage from the farm.

CHORUS:

Right here, right there, all about the town,
Discussin' money matters,
And prices going down.
Dems and Pops together evr'y where you go,
Coining dollars with wind-mills
In the streets of Kokomo.

There on Armstrong's corner,
Silverites you'll see,
Chewing the rag about silver
As busy as can be.
Men and dudes together,
Wonder as they go,
When they can pick up the dollars
In the streets of Kokomo.

CHORUS: Right here, etc.

Down in front of Rich's,
They used to congregate,
And tell us to vote for Grover,
A statesman wide and great.
Now Dems and Pops together

Agree that it wasn't so,
Curse and damn their leader
In the streets of Kokomo.

CHORUS: Right here, etc.

"Now anything to beat 'em,"
They tell the ones they know,
But should they get in the harness
They'll make a holy show.
Men and boys together
Will be hunters then, you know,
For the dollars the Pops were coining
In the streets of Kokomo.

CHORUS:

Right here, right there, all about the town,
Hunting for silver dollars,
And the dollars can't be found.
Dems and Pops together in their holes they go
They've stopped the circulation
Of dollars in Kokomo.

McKinley and our Hobart
Will fix the country right,
Then they'll trot out the dollar
The Dems drove out of sight.
Men and boys together,
Will have lots of cash you know,
Then, Hurrah! for Billy McKinley,
In the streets of Kokomo.

CHORUS:

Right here, right there, all about the town.
Everybody's hard up,
And wages going down.
Men and boys together, ev'ry where you go,
Will vote for McKinley
In the streets of Kokomo.

GROVER'S SOLILOQUY.

AIR: Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed.

Alas! my friends I'm 'fraid we're gone,
  Ben Tillman calls us thieves;
John Altgeld holds the reigns, you know,
  That's why poor Grover grieves.
Repeat last line.

Was it for crimes that I have done
  That they've gone back on me?
I've tried to be a Democrat,
  As straight as I could be.
Repeat last line.

Well might the earth just change its course,
  As for me to change my mind;
I have not changed my views, you know,
  But yet, I'm left behind.
Repeat last line.

Well might I hide my blushing face
  As friends they disappear,
I can't see why they treat me so,
  I seems to me so queer.
Repeat last line.

No drops of grief will I discharge
  For I'm well fixed, you know,
The fourth of March will soon be here,
  "Put me off at Buffalo."
Repeat last line.

OH, WHERE IS THE COTTAGE?

TUNE:—The Old Oaken Bucket.

Oh where is the cottage, that dear little cottage,
Where I used to reside when wages were right,
Where I used to go home to my dear wife and babies,
Where happiness reigned from morning 'til night?
Now a change has come over that dear little circle,
Since Grover was placed in the President's chair,
It has gone from my sight and now we are homeless,
And the hearts of my loved ones are filled with despair.

REFRAIN:

That dear little cottage, that little sweet cottage,
That dear little cottage, that we all loved so well.

Oh look at my darlings, my dear little darlings,
See that look of despair on their sweet faces now.
They say to their Papa, oh what is the matter?
What has become of our old brindle cow?
I tell them the tariff was reduced by the tinkers,
The Democratic party is at fault for it all;
It's the cause of our losses, they cannot repay us,
So they beg me to vote for McKinley this fall.

REFRAIN:

Those dear little darlings, those little sweet darlings,
They insist on my voting for McKinley this fall.

Now my dear little wife and my dear little darlings
Beg me to beware of the free silver craze;
They say we have tried the free trade apparition,
Now would like to see more of Republican days.
They know that the Pops and the Dems can't be trusted,
And they know that McKinley is a friend to us all.
Now they look up to me with tender entreaties,
And they beg me to vote for McKinley this fall.

REFRAIN:

Now my dear little wife and my dear little darlings,
Insist on my voting for McKinley this fall.

HOPE.

TUNE:—Hard Times Come Again No More.

As we look 'round about us We see suff'ring ev'ry day,
The little ones come begging at the door,
We see the care worn faces and pleadingly they say,
Oh hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

On the listening air we hear it,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many times have they wandered
Too and from the cottage door,
Oh hard times come again no more.

Oh look upon life's pleasures, then watch those falling tears.
As they course down the features of the poor.
There's a thought that comes to us, it whispers in our ears,
Oh hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

We see the weary toiler who wears his life away,
Whose sad heart hopes for better days once more.
He hears a sound so merry, it sweetly seems to say,
Oh hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

There's a sound that is wafted amid the summer air,
'Tis a song that is heard along the shore.
McKinley and Protection, good times eveyrwhere,
Oh hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL.

AIR: John Brown's Body.

The Democratic party and Grover don't agree,
And don't live in clover, that we can plainly see,
The doctrines that they advocate doesn't do for you and me,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le lu jah!
As we go marching on.

The Democratic floppers are a little bit too fast,
When they say that Protection is an issue of the past.
The Pops and Anarchists have captured them as last,
As they go marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
As they go marching on.

The Pops and the Dems, oh won't they cut a dash?
Mixed up with Prohis, oh what a lovely hash.
When November comes we will clean up the trash,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory' glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
As we go marching on.

We'll vote for McKinley, and we'll vote every one,
And we'll vote for Hobart, New Jersey's noblest son.
You bet we won't vote for 16 to 1,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Sound money for us all.

McKinley and Hobart are the best kind of stock,
And they'll be sure to win, when the fodder's in the shock.
Then our money system will be solid as a rock,
Sound money for us all.

CHORUS:

Good gold and silver is good enough for all,
But fiat money we wouldn't have at all.
We'll vote for Protection and prosperity this fall,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
As we go marching on.

Good gold and silver we will keep on a par,
Protection for our people will be the guiding star,
The songs of victory will be heard from afar,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS:

We'll vote for McKinley when the leaves begin to fall,
We'll elect the great protectionist and Hobart this fall,
We'll vote for McKinley, the Napoleon of them all,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Protection for us all.

GOOD OLD REPUBLICAN TIMES.

TUNE: -Jim Fiske.

Kind friends come and listen to my little song,
It will set you to thinking, I'm sure,
Of the days when our factories run at full blast,
And had plenty of work for the poor.
Ah, yes, those were prosperous days for us all,
There was no lack of dollars and dimes,
People were happy and confidence reigned
In those good old Republican times.

There's one thing quite strange that I don't understand,
Why some people will vote as they do,
When they know what inducements those fellows hold out,
And not one of their stories came true.
Of the beauties of free trade they told us you know,
And they told of Republican crimes.
But now we are tired, would like to go back
To those good old Republican times.

Now men of all trades put your thinking caps on,
And work shoulder to shoulder this fall,
And vote for McKinley and Hobart, our friends,
Let us go to the polls one and all.
In November next, be on hands with your votes,
As the President's ladder Mack climbs,
And if you elect him there'll be work for you all,
As in those good old Republican times.

WHAT REJOICING THERE WILL BE.

TUNE: In the Prison Cell.

What rejoicing there will be when the panic's past and gone,
And McKinley's in the presidential chair,
And we hear the merry hum of the spindles as we go,
See the factory chimneys smoking in the air.
CHORUS:
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the men go marching,
Cheer up workmen hear the call!
Put McKinley in the chair, there'll be business ev'ry-where,
And sound money an protection for us all.
Then our pay-day will be sure and we'll have our share of dimes,
Then the stringency will surely pass away.
Then McKinley will be paying off the Democratic debts,
Then the deficit will go the other way.
CHORUS:
Then we all will happy be and the confidence restored:
No more monkey business, that's what we say!
Then our little Bryan boy will be lawin' just the same,
And Ben Tillman will be pitchin' clover hay.
CHORUS:
Then the wild silvery winds will have a splendid show
To whistle through Peffer's flowing locks.
The Popocrats can go to the barber once a week,
And Simpson can buy a pair o' sox.
CHORUS:

M'KINLEY AND PROTECTION.

TUNE: Battle Cry of Freedom.

Oh we'll gather 'round our Mack, boys,
We'll rally every one,
Shouting McKinley and Protection!
They will come in from the country,
And come in on the run,
Shouting McKinley and Protection!

CHORUS:
McKinley and Hobart, hip, hip, hurrah!
Hold to the tariff and stand by the law.
While we gather 'round our Mack, boys,
We'll rally every one,
Shouting McKinley and Protection.

Good sound money for us all boys,
We'll vote it every one,
Shouting McKinley and Protection!
We'll fill the President's chair
With Ohio's noblest son,
Shouting McKinley and Protection!

CHORUS:

We'll show those tariff tinkers
That they will have no show,
Shouting McKinley and Protection!
And we'll also show those fellows
That "free coinage" doesn't go,
Shouting McKinley and Protection!

CHORUS:

Now let's rally 'round our Mack, boys,
And smash the "Wilson Bill,"
Shouting McKinley and Protection!
And let's show the outer world
That our William's in it still,
Shouting McKinley and Protection!

CHORUS:

LONG TIME AGO.

AIR:—There Is a Happy Land.

I was a Democrat,
Long time ago,
Wore a rooster in my hat,
Long time ago.
You bet it made me awful sore,
I won't do so any more,
Oh, wasn't it an awful bore,
Long time ago.

Wages then were very good,
Long time ago,
Didn't know just where I stood,
Long time ago.
Now there isn't a thing in sight.
Times are hard and money's tight,
My house and lot went out of sight,
Long time ago.

Free trade was just the thing,
Long time ago,
Said good wages it would bring,
Long time ago.
Now 'neath my coat-tail I now wear,
Two "Cleveland badges," I declare,
Those fellows did not treat me fair,
Long time ago.

Wool got so very cheap,
Long time ago,
Farmers butchered all their sheep,
Long time ago.
Now take the tariff off they said,
We know you've got a level head,
The price is down, our sheep are dead,
Long time ago.

Grover run for president,
Long time ago,
'Fore the money all was spent,
Long time ago.
We closed the shops and all the banks,
And we played all kind of pranks,
We acted like a lot of cranks,
Long time ago.

They put the farmer on his feet,
Long time ago,
Dollar and a quarter for his wheat,
Long time ago.
Instead of that he gets no pie,
I'm out of a job and that's no lie,
And I've found out the reason why,
Long time ago.

THE IRISHMAN'S LAMENT.

AIR:—The Irish Washer Woman.

How well I remimber in Ben Harrison's toime,
I marched in line wid the workin' men, sure,
And I felt just as proud as a king when I thought of
The fall of the rich and the rise of the poor.
Sure, that's what they tould me was meant by the vict'ry,
And of this great land, I should live on the fat,
As I stipped to the moosic jist loike an old sojer,
And wore a big rooshter in the top 'o me hat.

I invid the boss wid his riches an' comforts,
No share o' the profits I'd git if agin,
If I woted to kape up the tariff that only
Protected the bosses and burdened the min.
Ah, sure, I'll git even wid ye now me laddies,
I'll wote just as sure as my name it is Pat
For Grover, and then at the ratification
I'll wear a big rooshter on the top o' me hat.

I did it, bad luck to the day an the hour.
I'd loike to recall that wote if I could,
And once again hear the ould stame whistle soundin',
That called me to work when the toimes they were good.
The boss he looks worried, th' foreman is sour,
The old mill's deserted and gloomy at that,
All that I've got for me share o' the glory
Is the bathered ould rooshter I woor in me hat.

Now bejabers those laddies air talkin' agin,
Am entrated to wote the same ticket onct more,
They have a shwate sthory about the free kionage,
That dollars 'll be scattered all over the fluer.
Now I'm skittish uv the yarns the laddies be tellin',
And they kape talkin' o' this and talkin' o' that,
But be-dad if that party is agin triumphant
The devil a rooshter yez'll see in me hat.

So there's the hull sthory, an' none can deny it,
The trouth must be tould, tho' the heavens should fall.
We made a mishtake in defatin' the party
That gave us protection, good money and all.
Talk of fray silver, an' talk 'till ye're spachless,
Ye can argyfy 'til ye're gray as a rat,
I'll oppose fray kionage, yet I'll uphold the tariff,
But divil o' the rooshter will I wear in me hat.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

By Permission of J. W. Shaw

Revised from Song of 1860 to Suit the Times

Hark! Hark! A signal gun is heard,
Just out beyond the fort.
The good old "Ship of State" my boys,
Is coming into port!
With shattered sails and anchors gone,
I fear the rogues will strand her.
She carries a sorry crew,
And needs a new commander.
McKinley is the man! McKinley is the man!
With a sturdy mate from Jersey State.
McKinley is the man!

Four years ago she put to sea,
With prospects brightly beaming,
Her hull was strong, her sails new bent,
And every pennant streaming;
She loved the gale, she ploughed the wave,
Nor feared the deep's commotion,
Majestic, on she sailed,
Proud mistress of the ocean.
Oh! Cleveland was the man!
Oh! Cleveland was the man!
But his four year's trip,
Leaves a crippled ship,
Oh! Cleveland was the man.

There's a mutiny aboard the ship,
There's feud no force can smother;
Their blood is up to fever heat,
They're cutting down each other,

'Tis Cleveland here and Dave Hill there,
Each belching forth his thunder,
While cunning rogues are sly at work,
In pocketing the plunder.
Oh! Cleveland was the man!
Oh! Cleveland was the man!
But November's sun shall complete his fun.
Oh! Cleveland was the man!

Our Ship is badly out of trim,
Repairs are sorely needed;
While free trade crews have aired their views,
The nation's needs unheeding;
She's cruised about, from point to point,
Protection's hosts assailing;
While prostrate labor's plea for aid,
Is heard, but unavailing.
McKinley is the man! McKinley is the man!
With a sturdy mate from Jersey State,
McKinley is the man!

He'll give her what repairs she needs,
A thorough overhauling;
Her sordid crew shall be dismissed,
To seek some honest calling:
McKinley soon will take the helm
On truth and right relying,
In calm or storm, in peace or war,
He'll keep her colors flying.
McKinley is the man! McKinley is the man!
With a sturdy mate from Jersey State,
McKinley is the man!

CAMPAIGN SONG OF '96.

TUNE. "Good-bye, My Lover."

O Demmies, hear the trumpet blow,
Good-bye, free-traders, good-bye,
Pack up your grips, it's time to go,
Good-bye, free-traders, good-bye,
Protection is the people's wealth,
Good-bye, free-traders, good-bye,
You're breaking down the Nation's health,
Good-bye, free-traders, good-bye!

CHORUS:

By, moss-backs, by—O!
By, Cleveland, by—O!
Home and prosperity!
Good-bye, old-timers, good-bye!

Sound money is the people's cry,
Good-bye, free silver, good-bye,
The sun of gold is in the sky,
Good-bye, free silver, good-bye,
We want no dim, free-silver moon,
Good-bye, dear Teller, good-bye,
You'll know your folly all too soon,
Good-bye, dear Teller, good-bye!

Ohio names the coming man,
Good-bye, dear Grover, good-bye,
The states will keep him in the van,
Good-bye, dear Whitney, good-bye,
McKinley brings prosperity,
Good-bye, dear Campbell, good-bye,
Good times for all and Cuba free,
Good-bye, dear Weyler, good-bye!

Democracy has seen it's day,
Good-bye, dead party, good-bye,
You cannot learn the modern way,
Good-bye, dead party, good-bye,
The people now have learned your tricks,
Good-bye, dead party, good-bye,
We'll bury you deep in ninety-six,
Good-bye, dead party, good-bye!

—Richard Lew Dawson.

HURRAH FOR M'KINLEY.

By Permission of R. H. Langford.

Air:—"The Wearing of the Green."

The Democrats may sing their songs and tell their tales of woe,
And on the stanch Republican anathemas bestow;
But when November days shall come the Democrats must fall,
We'll drive them from the capitol and senatorial hall.
The silverites a-gunning go the golden bugs to kill,
But they become more numerous in spite of Bryan's skill;
Upon our sound financial scheme no evils shall befall,
Then hurrah for Bill McKinley, for whom the people call.

CHORUS:

The Democrats and Populists
Are driven to the wall.
Then hurrah for Bill McKinley
And protection for us all.

The Populists with downcast eyes the country's ills bemoan,
And talk of dire calamities with tear and sigh and groan;
But when election time rolls round their plans we will forestall,
For we must have protection and sound money one and all.
The Wilson bill has proved n. g.—the income tax knocked out
Then good-bye to Grover Cleveland, we'll put his force to route,
For our names will be called legion when the leaves begin to fall.
Then hurrah for Bill McKinley, we're shouting, great and small.

CHORUS:

The Democrats may toot their horns
And on the voters call,
But the masses want McKinley
And sound money for us all.

Our Democratic silver friends their helpless state bewail,
And in this they resemble a kite without a tail;
Great Grover cannot lead them, on Bryan they must call,
Then hurrah for Bill McKinley, our president this fall.
Then rally round the standard of the glorious G. O. P.,
And use your best endeavors to gain the victory.
Our battle cry is tariff high, good times we shall install,
Then hurrah for Bill McKinley, the Napoleon of them all.

CHORUS:

Don't you hear the mighty slogan
Ring from hut and hall?
Hurrah for Bill McKinley,
Our president this fall.

North Platte, Neb.

INDIANA.

TUNE:—Baby Mine.

There's a song we would be singing,
Indiana, Indiana!
Of thy past with praises ringing,
Indiana, Indiana!
But the stream of time to-day,
Bear this message on its way:
"Let the people have their say,"
Indiana, Indiana!
"Let the people have their say,"
Indiana!

So to-day the song to save thee,
Indiana, Indiana!
Is the precept Lincoln gave thee,
Indiana, Indiana!
Ev'ry river, hill and dale
Echoes with this magic tale,
"Let the 'people's choice' prevail,"
Indiana, Indiana!
"Let the 'people's choice' prevail,"
Indiana!

There's one watchword ever spoken,
Indiana, Indiana!
Ev'ry toiler knows his token;
Indiana, Indiana!
All who love this land so fair,
Women true, and men who dare,
Search their hearts—'tis written there!
Indiana, Indiana!
'Tis "McKinley and Protection,"
Indiana!

Mighty state, renowned in story,
Indiana, Indiana!
Rich in Grant's and Lincoln's glory,
Indiana, Indiana!
Make thy present as thy past,
To the people anchor fast,
And the vict'ry'll come at last,
Indiana, Indiana!
And McKinley'll win that vict'ry,
Indiana!

ARISE, YE TOILERS ALL.

Cant no more about "free trade,"
  Ye Democrats untrue,
For poverty and crime you make
  As never before we knew:
For silver now you falsely shout,
  The people to betray,
But they will at your faces rout
  Upon election day.

Base hypocrites! four years ago
  You lured us by belief
That gold would to our Nation flow
  Should Cleveland be our chief;
And comfort by the poor man's hearth
  Through competence be seen.
But since upon the boundless earth
  No woe like ours has been.

The anxious toiler idle went,
  And vain the farmer tilled;
To foreigners our gold was sent
  Our treasury that filled;
The mills that sung sweet labor's song,
  Were silent as the tomb,
And those that joyous filled them long
  At workhouse begged for room.

Accurst the change four years ago
This hapless Nation made;
What destiny insaned us so
As to accept "free trade"
And yield ourselves and country fair
To Democratic sway—
Parent of hunger and despair,
Stagnation and decay?

Awake! arise! ye toilers all,
Throughout this glorious land
And for protection thunderous call,
And loyal for it stand;
Let labor and its gold reward,
Which Democrats deny,
Your duty to be faithful guard;
Our Nation must not die.

A WORKINGMAN MAN.

July 7, 1896.

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